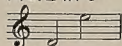


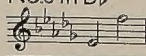
No. 1 in Bb



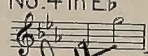
No. 2 in C



No. 3 in Db

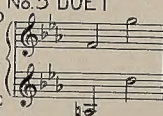


No. 4 in Eb



No. 5 DUET

SOPRANO
or
TENOR
ALTO
or
BARITONE



Chas. H. Hargrave

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

SONG

WORDS BY

EUGENE LOCKHART

MUSIC BY

ERNEST SEITZ

PRICE 60 CENTS

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NEW YORK

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The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise

Words by
EUGENE LOCKHART

SONG

Music by
ERNEST SEITZ

Piano

Rather slowly

mf *p* *rit.* *pp*

VOICE

mp

Down in the la - zy west rides the moon, Warm as a night in

June, Stars shimm-er-ing soft in a bed of blue,

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mf While I am call - ing and call - ing you. *p tranquillo* Sweet - ly you are

dream - ing, As the dawn comes slow - ly stream - ing

mf Wa - ken love in your bow - er, Greet our tryst - ing

*Slower— but with a certain swing
espressivo*

hour Dear one The world is

wait - ing for the sun - rise; Ev - 'ry

8va... *8va...* *8va...*

p

rose is heav - y with dew. The thrush on

8va... *8va...* *8va...*

p

high, his sleep - y mate is call - ing and my

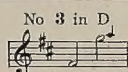
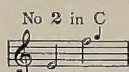
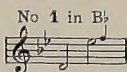
8va... *8va...* *8va...*

heart is call - ing you!

rit. *8va...* *8va...*

pp *rit.*

THE PHENOMENAL ARTISTIC BALLAD SUCCESS



ROSES OF PICARDY

SONG

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY

Music by
HAYDN WOOD

pp *Slowly*

Ro - ses are shin - ing in Pi - car - dy, in the hush of the sil - ver

Slowly

dew, *mf* Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi - car - dy, but there's

nev - er a rose like you! *p* And the ro - ses will die with the

summertime,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy!
"Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!"

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You can obtain a copy of this song from your music dealer

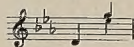
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A SONG FOUNDED ON THE FAMOUS NOVEL BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR
A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

No. 1 in C



No. 2 in C



IF WINTER COMES

Words by
REGINALD ARKELL

Music by
H. M. TENNENT

REFRAIN

If win-ter comes and all your skies are grey; Though gloom-y sha-dows fall a
cross your way, Dont sit and dream of the days gone by,
When life was young and hope was high. If win-ter comes with bit ter

1st VERSE

Love is a tale that is told,
Life is a book we may read.
Hearts, as they yearn,
Are the pages we turn,
Wherever the story may lead.
Springtime may colour the page,
Summers their loveliness lend,
And Autumns unfold with their brown and their gold,
But winter must come in the end.

2nd VERSE

Swallows may fly to the south,
Leaving their nest by the well;
Winds may grow chill
On the crest of the hill,
The last rose of summer may fall.
Friends who were dear may forget,
Leaving your heart with its pain;
But love that is true will be waiting for you
When swallows fly northward again.

REFRAIN

If winter comes and all your skies are grey;
Though gloomy shadows fall across your way,
Dont sit and dream of the days gone by,
When life was young and hope was high.
If winter comes with bitter hail and snow,
And there is frost on the pane,
Then just trudge along with a smile and a song,
Summer will come again.

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